A dozen survivors nursed draft beer and stale coffee in Asylum Donuts. It was the only licensed donut shop in Hogtown, perhaps because it was mistaken by the Inspector for the Parkdale Bistro next door. It was separated from it by a sidewalk and a door in a plate-glass window. The same clientèle patronized both resorts.

Survivors!

Johnny recognized the decayed boyfriend of the native lady who'd sold contraband cigarettes to the group home where he'd worked. She'd wait in the van, on Thing Street. Johnny would bring her wads of money, while the boyfriend delivered cartons of cigarettes in green garbage bags. His name was Harvey, like the giant rabbit in the movie. He was a large, taciturn man in late middle-age. He wore jeans, jean jacket, and baseball cap. He had a shifty, furtive demeanor. When Johnny passed Asylum Donuts, he'd look for Harvey at one of the little linoleum-topped tables in the plate-glass window, everything an effect of white and yellow.

Harvey never played the one-armed bandit on his right, or spoke much to the two-armed ones on his left. He followed Johnny with his eyes as far as he could without moving his skull. Johnny wondered if Harvey was afraid he'd tell. It was more likely he thought Johnny would undersell him. Harvey must have known that Johnny bought his cigarettes on the corner, from Mahmoud, the Persian, for half of what he charged. Even selling in bulk to the group home, he charged the full price. He gouged. He took advantage of the mentally ill.

At Asylum Donuts business was booming.

The preference of those whose lives were disordered by schizophrenia for the stronger, cheaper varieties of cigarettes has already been remarked by the editors of the DSMIV, those austere fucks.

The native woman wasn't around anymore. Harvey must have decided to go into business on his own. Occupying the same seat daily, in plain view of Thing Street, was no doubt his idea. It was advertising. He'd either weighed the extra sales against the higher odds of getting arrested and determined that he'd still make a profit, or (more likely) he'd noticed the extra sales and been so dazzled by them he forgot all about the danger.

Johnny hoped they busted the crook, for exploiting insanity.

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Johnny tried to get Warfarin Boy a volunteer postion with the loco Bluecoats. Johnny spoke to the manager. He said Warfarin Boy could apply to volunteer. Nobody'd ever been rejected, so he'd (probably) get in. However many didn't work out, so if Wafarin thought he was going to get a free ride